

BODIES BURNED AND BLACKENED

Horrible Death of Six Men at Carnegie Steel Works.

TEN OTHERS CANNOT LIVE

ACCIDENT CAUSED BY A "HANG" IN THE FURNACE.

Pittsburg, March 31.—By an accident at furnace No. 1 of the Edgar Thompson plant of the Carnegie Steel company at Braddock today, six men were killed and ten are in the hospital and are not expected to recover. Four others who were injured went to their homes and are suffering from painful burns.

The dead: John Smith, John Bolon, Andrew Brabe, Joseph Pelar, John Skoka, John Poler.

The seriously injured: George Kodok, Michael Steverson, Michael Skander, Andrew Berrita, Joseph Bobon, Frank Sebala, Steven Bobon, J. Sebula, Michael Miller, Joseph Buellena.

Could Not Escape.

The accident was caused by a "hang" in the furnace dropping and forcing large quantities of white-hot dust down a large pipe into a pit where the men were at work. The victims were without means of escape and all were burned and blistered over their entire bodies. Large strips of flesh peeled off their bodies when they were pulled out of the pit by fellow workmen. The cries of agony of the victims as they writhed in the lava-like stuff, from which they were vainly trying to extricate themselves, could be heard nearly a block away. Hundreds of workmen from other portions of the plant rushed to the rescue and as quickly as possible pulled the injured men from the furnace. The bodies of the fatally burned were blackened or shredded in strips by the white-hot metal dust that burned into their flesh. Many of the victims had large blotches burned through the flesh caused by large splashes of molten iron that had struck them and burned through to the bone.

Furnace No. 1 is equipped with the famous electric "skids" that are now used on all the United States corporation's blast furnaces.

STORE CHANGES OFFICERS.

Cunningham Corporation Has a New Board of Directors.

With the 1st of the month a new set of officers will have the management of the Cunningham company store. While there has been no friction among the officers of the establishment, the management has not been satisfactory to the stockholders for some time. It was decided that a change would be for the best interests of the concern, and several days ago a meeting was held and a new board with a new set of officers was elected. This movement was quietly generated until the time to act, and when the election came, little opposition was expected. The new officers and directors are: Richard P. Morris, president; George W. Riter, vice president; William C. Staines, manager; Orson Ruel, secretary; George W. Smith, treasurer; J. H. Woodman and James H. Moyle. Mr. Staines is the only member of the old board retained in the new. The business has been established since 1870, and in 1885 was incorporated with a capital of \$150,000. The business is being enlarged by the addition of more stock, and will in future be conducted under more modern lines.

SCHLEY AT SEATTLE.

Seattle, Wash., March 31.—Admiral Schley and party arrived here this morning. An informal luncheon was served at the Knickerbocker hotel, at the event the party was privately entertained at the University club. There was no public reception or entertainment on account of the wishes of the admiral. The party leaves tomorrow morning for Hiena.

BLINDNESS PERMANENT.

New York, March 31.—Ira D. Sankey, the evangelist, probably will never regain his sight, and the members of his family have made up their minds to accept his condition with resignation. Allan Sankey, the son, said today that his father was slightly improved, but that he did not think there would be any permanent cure.

FOR SERIOUS OFFENSE.

St. Louis, March 31.—Felix Seazo, president of the Seazo Fruit company, and one of the largest of its kind in the city, is under indictment charged with keeping an immoral resort. Seazo was arrested and gave bond for his appearance.

MANY LOANS CALLED.

New York, March 31.—The banks today called a number of loans, some of them of long standing. This caused a sharp flurry in the rate for money, which, in the early part of the first hour, was at 10 per cent, and caused more or less heaviness in prices.

BUTTRICK DEAD.

New York, March 31.—Ebenzer Buttrick, the originator of the tissue paper dress pattern, died today at his home in Brooklyn, aged 70 years.

A Conversation With a Climax.

When a Professional Man Talks, It's to the Point.

Several famous American physicians and surgeons were recently dining together after a session of a national meeting held in New York.

"I had a remarkable case this winter," remarked a surgeon present, whose name as a specialist in rectal diseases is world-wide. "My patient was a woman, a delicate, nerve-racked creature, who had suffered so fearfully from the ravages of hemorrhoids that the knife seemed the only solution of the trouble, and yet her heart was weak and her strength so waned by this fearful disease that we dared not operate."

"I had ceased my visits to her for a time and had given up all hope, when one morning she entered my office looking like a new woman; the pallor had disappeared and the lines of suffering were nearly eradicated from her face. She told me she had purchased a proprietary medicine, namely, Pyramid Pile Cure, and that from the first insertion of the suppositories she had obtained instant relief. I made an examination and found the rectum in excellent condition, the inflammation entirely disappeared and the swollen veins normal condition."

"I was so interested in the case that I had the remedy analyzed carefully and was so pleased with the result of the analysis, finding a combination of the most healing and scientific remedies present in the Pyramid Pile Cure and in a more convenient form than I could secure there otherwise, that I wrote to the Pyramid Drug company of Marshall, Mich., asking for their booklet on Piles, their Nature, Cause and Cure, (which by the way is sent free), and have since used their Pile Cure extensively and with best results in my practice. I do not hesitate to recommend it to you all. It will often save your patient from a painful surgical operation which in many cases results fatally."

LECTURE ON WAGNER.

Appreciative Theatre Audience Hears Exposition of Composer.

A cultured audience was highly entertained by the illustrated lecture on "Wagner and the Bayreuth Festival," given last evening at the Salt Lake theatre. In an artistic sense the lecture will compare more favorably with the best of this class of entertainments that have been ventured in this city. Mrs. Rhodes' treatment of the subject was comprehensible and graceful, and betrayed fine understanding and a thorough knowledge of the poetical genius whose works have survived the criticisms of his most intense enemies.

In her lecture Mrs. Rhodes has omitted all that is apt to prove wearisome and retained all that is picturesque and interesting. She has the happy faculty of being instructive without appearing didactic and at the close of her remarks led us upon the mind a picture that is destined to be a refreshing memory. There were no prejudices in the minds of her auditors against the composer or his masterpieces when she began, they were removed before she had finished. She held the beautiful side of the man and his works and presented the nobility of the themes in such a manner that new interest and new love was created for Wagner, even in the hearts of those who have felt an admiration for him.

Wagner has his enemies. He was greater than his age and in his life there is a poetry of sentiment and nobility of purpose which added to the tranquility of a career that in earlier years was disturbed with reverses through the efforts of those who purposely misunderstood him. Mrs. Rhodes followed the life of the composer to the events that have been responsible for the beautiful works which are part of the world's musical riches today.

She has accumulated a rare collection of illustrations which add to the force and understanding of the subject and the entertainment has its climax in the graphic reproduction of the scenes and incidents at the Bayreuth festival. A remarkable feature of the entertainment was the musical illustrations by Adolf Gloss, the concert pianist. In the wonderful review new character is given to "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger" and other Wagnerian productions, and has a fitting climax in the story of the "Trilogy" and the "Grail." It was a rich, elegant and novel review and interpreted the meaning, music and scenes of the operas of the great poet-musician, for whom mad King Louis of Bavaria had such a liking.

ALDERMAN HELD UP WHILE CAMPAIGNING

Chicago, March 31.—With leveled pistols three robbers this afternoon, in sight of a saloon, held up Alderman Nathan Brainerd of 330, took a ring from the finger of that city and Jacob Kessner, a leaping into a buggy, drove off unpunished.

The alderman was on a campaign tour of the saloons in the lumber district.

SUICIDE FOLLOWED ATTEMPTED MURDER

San Francisco, March 31.—In the kitchen of the Hotel Pleasanton this morning W. A. Brown, a waiter, fired two shots and killed a waiter, inflicting slight injuries. Brown ran from the hotel, pistol in hand, and, fearing capture, ran into a doorway and fired a bullet into his own brain. Brown claimed that Keefer had alienated the affections of his wife.

LABOR RECOGNIZED.

Butte, Mont., March 31.—A Miss-sona special to the Miner says: "A. Clark, a Senator, has been granted his lumbermen in the mills at Lathrop, Mont., increased wages and an eight-hour day."

THREATS OF LYNCHING.

Lima, Peru, March 31.—A dispatch from Cuzco announces that the police there with difficulty prevented the lynching of Fernando Zimara, the candidate of the liberal alliance for the presidency, who is now canvassing the south of the republic.

DEMOCRAT APPOINTED.

Natchez, Miss., March 31.—Captain John Russell, who was today appointed collector of customs at Natchez, is a one-armed Confederate veteran and a Democrat. General Stone, who resigns the office, is a colored attorney.

PRESIDENT OF DEPAUW.

Indianapolis, March 31.—Dr. E. H. Hughes of Boston was elected president of DePauw university today. Dr. Buchtel on Denver and Dr. Erdman of high school, New York, were also considered.

BILL DEFEATED.

Lincoln, Neb., March 31.—The state senate tonight defeated the bill to abolish capital punishment by a vote of 20 to 12.

Clever Little Stories.

(Chicago News.)

Henry Ward Beecher was amused when he went into a Bovey restaurant on one occasion and heard the waiter give such orders to the cook as "Ham and—," "Sinkers and cow," etc. "Watch me, I believe he won't abbreviate," remarked Beecher at length as the waiter approached. Then he said: "Give us poached eggs on toast for two, with the yolks broken." But the waiter, who was equal to the emergency, walked to the end of the room and yelled: "Adam and Eve on a raft! Wreck 'em!" It is related that Dr. Beecher nearly fainted.

In his recent book on "China and the Chinese," Dr. Giles tells of a very stinging Chinaman who took a paltry sum of money to an artist—payment is always exacted in advance—and asked him to paint his portrait. The artist, who complied with the request, but when the portrait was finished nothing was visible save the back of the sitter's head. "What does this mean?" cried the artist indignantly. "Well," replied the artist, "I thought a man who paid so little as you paid wouldn't care to show his face."

Representative Kitchin of North Carolina relates an amusing story of an old justice of the peace in his country. It seems that two young attorneys were trying a case before him. After arguments had followed the testimony of the witnesses and the case was closed the old fellow, awakening from deep reveries into which he had fallen, said, addressing one of the lawyers: "You know, Hank, I gave you the decision in the last two cases, so I will give this one to Tom. You can't expect to get them all."

Some Trite Answers.

(New York World.)

There was an examination at the weather bureau the other day for candidates for the position of assistant weather observer. These are some of the answers:

"The dew-point is a needle point of steel, and it determines the rise and fall of the barometer."

"A thunderstorm is the burning up of the carbonaceous matter and surplus of nitrogen of the air."

"The arid region of the United States is a good place for bears and other animals covered with wool; but on account of numerous icebergs it is not a good place for navigation, for the abode of man for fear of vegetation."

"The following is an extract from a competitor's letter:

"This here letter writing is the worst thing you could give me. In the first place, it's a waste of time, and in the second place, I'm like the sailor's parrot—a hell of a thinker, but a poor talker."

LOCAL BRIEFS.

BANK CLEARINGS.—Yesterday's bank clearings were \$128,536. For the same day a year ago they were \$127,512. For the month they were \$1,173,786. For the same period a year ago they were \$1,170,917.

WANTED IN COLORADO.—Thomas Champney, an alleged forger who is wanted in Colorado, was arrested here last night by Sheriff Frank Emery. A Colorado officer will come for Champney today.

ORGAN RECITAL TODAY.—Professor McClellan will give an organ recital this morning at 10:30 in honor of Mrs. Charles W. Rhodes. All the club members in the city are specially invited and the general public will be welcomed.

TWO CASES OF SMALLPOX.—The following cases of smallpox were yesterday reported to the board of health: W. A. Hager, aged 22, 37 South Second East street, and David Hitesman, aged 3, 37 West Ninth North street.

STEEL SHELVEING.—The books constituting the supreme court library are being placed on steel shelving which were ordered some weeks ago. By substituting the steel shelving for the wooden ones it is estimated that the library will have a sufficient room to accommodate more than 3,000 volumes.

WON'T BE PAID TODAY.—The disbursement of the county commissioners to hold a special meeting yesterday and pass upon the payrolls of the county general fund was sent off to the post office, and the county commissioners will receive their salaries today. It is said the board will not meet until Thursday. In the event salaries will be withheld until Friday.

TO DRIVE TUNNEL.—The Utah Construction company has been awarded the contract to drive a tunnel through the blue cliffs near the mouth of Provo canyon, through which water will be carried to the city of Provo. The tunnel is to be built this summer. The cost of making the tunnel will be about \$20,000.

SIMONDI IS RECORDED.—City recorder Joseph O. Nyström went out to Holy Rosary hospital yesterday to record the death of a man who had been suffering from a long illness. The man, who was named Simondi, was a native of Italy and had been in the city for some time. He was recorded as having died of a heart attack.

ANOTHER ELK LODGE.—Local Elks have been invited to be present and participate in the institution of Provo lodge No. 1, which is to be held on Thursday evening, April 2. The invitation to the members of lodge No. 1 is to be given by the new hall, on Thursday evening, April 2. The invitation to the members of lodge No. 1 is to be given by the new hall, on Thursday evening, April 2.

ENCOUNTERED A SPRING.—A small spring that burst forth in the basement of the new Judge Moore's hospital caused the contractors considerable trouble for a few days. The spring, caused by the water in the ground, began to bubble forth in the basement about the middle of the month. The water flowed into the basement and there was some danger of the ground being undermined. The spring was finally stopped by digging a ditch that carried the water away.

ILL IN MONTANA.—Samuel Merrill of the Morrison-Merrill Lumber company of this city is in Missoula, Mont., suffering from a serious attack of appendicitis. Mr. Merrill went to the city a few days ago and was seized with the attack after arriving there. He consulted physicians and was advised to remain in the city. He is now in the hospital, and his condition is serious.

Utah Commercial and Savings Bank.

General banking business, interest paid on savings deposits. W. F. Armstrong, president; J. E. Caine, cashier.

Castle Gate, Clear Creek, Winter Quarters, Sunnyside lump, nut and seeds, and other goods, 72 South Main street; telephone 423.

D. J. SHARP, Agent.

Corn-husk Hats.

(Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.)

Corn husks during the present season have been bought up for the purpose of utilizing them in the manufacture of a new style of hat which may become both fashionable and popular next summer.

The material is cheap. In fact, it is usually wasted. Properly cured corn husks are tough and may be folded without cracking. Dampened, they can be made to assume any desired shape. The process of working corn husks into hats is novel, somewhat intricate, and is protected by patent. It is said that samples already turned out are artistic as well as light and strong.

An element which enters significantly into the construction of the hat is the natural shape of the husks, which taper in width from base to tip. When split the parts maintain this configuration, as they parallel the fibers.

This tapering of all the parts has been an important feature in the manufacture of the hat. The brim and top of the hat are formed by a series of layers of corn husks. To impart a novel appearance, the outer ends of some of these layers are pointed. Considerable ingenuity has been displayed in the entire construction of the hat—even the band is made of corn husks—and it is asserted that the result is graceful and attractive, and that, though it may be considered economically to be sold at popular prices, more expensive bands, requiring exceptional skill in the manufacture, will be turned out to meet the demand for hats at fancy prices.

A Swindle.

In the wire grass region of Georgia quail are very abundant, and are known to the natives as "patridges." Recently a party of sportsmen from Georgia "crackers" sold off a lot of turpentine and, decided to indulge himself in a trip to far-off New York while his money was still in hand. Once in the amazing metropolis, there was another indulgence he was determined to indulge in. He was named "Patridge" and he had a name that had long ago tickled his fancy, and quail on toast was a high bred dish that he had long yearned to know personally.

So to Delmonico's he hid himself, and there he waited until the evening. It came, he eyed it severely, then tasted, finally sampling thoroughly. But his after-conscience was tormented by that sad knowledge which borders close to disgust.

"Well, if I hadn't come to New York, I'd never known that quail on toast wasn't a blamed thing but Glynn county patridges stuck up on burnt light bread."

Raising the Wind.

(New York Press.)

Here is Eugene Field's best poem, because it was his most effective one. When in the pangs of impetuosity he appealed to the cashier of the Daily News in a way that seldom failed to secure the forbidden salary advance:

Sweet Shakesford, the week is near its end, And, as my custom is, I come to thee; There is no other who has pelf to lend, At least no pelf to lend to hapless me, Nay, gentle Shakesford, turn not away, I must have wealth, for this is Saturday.

Ah, now thou smilest a soft, relenting smile, Thy previous frown was but a passing joke, I knew thy heart would melt with pity when I told thee of my direful plight, Thou heardst me pleading I was very broke, Nay, ask me not if I've a note from Stone, When I approach thee, O thou best of men!

I bring no money, but boldly and alone I woo sweet hope and strike thee for a ten.

Drink hatch-o-o-ga; sip darge-e-ling, Keith-O'Brien Company.

Amusements

"Flannigan's Ball" filled the Grand again last night. As on the opening night the audience was delighted. There will be a matinee at 3 this afternoon and an evening performance at the usual hour.

The sale for "Coriolanus" which comes to the Salt Lake theatre for the last three nights of the week, begins today.

PERSONALS.

C. T. Woodall came down from Soda Springs Saturday and will spend this week in Salt Lake.

William Bartling of the New York Cash Store has returned from California much improved in health.

Miss Maggie Lawson, who resigned her position as cashier at the Royal bakery yesterday, was presented with a handsome gold watch by the employees of the bakery.

Cornelius A. J. Davis left yesterday for Chicago, where he will join his wife, who has been visiting friends for several weeks.

Rev. E. J. Goshen of the Congregational church in Ogden will preach at the First Congregational church in this city Sunday.

City Engineer L. C. Kelsey left yesterday on his thirty days' eastern trip. While away he will inspect municipal improvements with the intention of using the latest methods in contemplated improvements to be made in this city this summer.

Owing to failing health John J. Broughall, superintendent of the Daily News Mining company, has resigned his position, to take effect April 1. Mr. Broughall is a heavy stockholder in the company, and his resignation will not affect his personal interest in the works of said property. Mr. and Mrs. Broughall will leave shortly for New York City, their former home, in the hope that the lower altitude will benefit Mr. Broughall's health.

HIRAM'S PATENT COW FETCHER

How All Bovine Records For a Half-Mile Were Broken.

If a carpenter or any other artisan invents a sawhorse or a coal sifter he gives his picture in the papers and pages written up about him. Let a simple plowman display ten times the ingenuity in devising something to lighten up the burden of his calling and you will never hear a word of it.

Hiram Perkins, a potato grower down near Skowhegan, did something this summer that ought to have endeared him to half the farmers in the state.

His was the common case of an inability to induce his cows to milk at milking time. He'd had heart to heart talks with them, used tubs of potato peelings, turnip tops and green husks all to no purpose.

He had even tried dogs, but sooner or later the cattle bribed the canines, and then he was as badly off as ever. His pasture is a full half mile from the barn, reached by a narrow lane. In a remote corner there is a large, deep swamp, a perfect inferno of ooze and mud, tangled with vines and briars woven into the small trees and scrub.

In this slough of despond Hiram's "critters" persisted in refusing regularly toward milking time, and he had to be close proximity of a boot or a bean pole would rout them.

Now it was bad enough at best to take the tramp after a hard day's work, but to break into this infernal tangled quagmire when it was raining, with every bush letting down a bucket of water on his defenseless head, was worse.

One day last spring he "went to" town and while there wandered down to the depot. Shortly after he noticed the agent step over to a little platform and pull over a long form lever.

"What does that do?" inquired Hiram.

"Throws up the signal," replied the man.

The signal? Where is it?" said the potato grower, looking up and all about him.

"Oh, it's down the track 'bout half a mile," said the agent, pointing to a white post in the distance.

"But do you mean to say that you can work a signal 'way down there from up here with that crowbar?"

"Certainly. Keep your eye on the

Hiram saw the red arm of the semaphore flash and rise.

"Well, I'll be hornswoggled! Say, do you mind if I go down there and look at that contraption?"

"Not in the least; but look out for the train; it's coming soon."

"Oh, I'll 'gree not to hurt your train," said Hiram, and then he followed the wire down to the signal fixture, examined it long and carefully.

When he came back there was a peculiar gleam in his eye.

For the next few days there were sounds of much activity in Hiram's workshop.

Out by the barn he built a small platform. On this he rigged an old moving machine lever, then he ran a line of old telegraph wire, through old pulley wheels and staples, on the fence posts along the lane, then from tree to tree across the pasture into the swamp. On a little knoll of hard ground he erected a rough framework some ten feet high. On this he constructed a sliding frame that could be raised from a squatting position to a height of fifteen feet. This he capped with an inverted bushel basket, on which he painted a most horrible face, then the whole was draped with a long black gown of old bunting, so that when it rose it presented the huge figure of a giant bogie.

There were two pieces of rubber that drew up along a well resined cord, attached to an old tin wash boiler, firmly fastened to the framework below, causing a most unearthly howl to vibrate from the boiler.

More than this, the effigy was provided with long arms, which waved up and down and on which old tea kettles and stew pans dangled against old dippers and coffee pots.

Patience Hiram told, while the innocent and trusting bovines grazed heartily on the sweet grasses near by, totally unconscious of any evil designs against them.

At last all was complete and connected. Hiram gathered his tools and departed, and once more the dismal quietude settled like a funeral pall over the slimy fastness of the swamp.

The next day Hiram waited with childlike eagerness and impatience. True to their purpose, at nightfall the cattle promptly entered the swamp.

It was with a rapidly beating heart that the inventor took his stand at the lever. It was the supreme moment of his life, that meant either his crowning triumph or his dismal failure.

He drew a long breath, then bravely heaving the leopards gave one sturdy pull. He waited a moment and pulled again.

Now Hiram would have given dollars to have been at that moment at the lever, for the inventor took his stand at the lever. It was the supreme moment of his life, that meant either his crowning triumph or his dismal failure.

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place they knew of, which was Hiram's barnyard.

The two hired men followed their example, while the deacon retired behind a stump nearby.

It was exactly 2:03 1/4 from the second pull of the level until the first bovine cleared the barnyard bars. Hiram considered this fair time for the first trial.

About 8 o'clock that evening a delegation of the neighbors, headed by Deacon Tinkham, filed into Hiram's doorway. They declined to enter the house, but asked Hiram if he had been up by his swamp lately.

"Why, yes," said he, "I was up there today."

"Well, did you see or hear anything unusual?"

"No, not a thing, move'n that I'd seen afore. Why, what's the matter up there?"

Then the deacon related his experience in graphic terms.

Hiram listened until he was through, then he sat down on the doorstep and slapped his sides, writhed and roared, for full two minutes, to the extreme indignation of his visitors.

Then he slowly explained to them that the whole thing was nothing but the working of his "patent cow fetcher."

Hiram never had to go after his cows again, no matter what time of day or in what part of the pasture the cattle might be, all he had to do was to pull the lever and the cattle did the rest.

Senator Hoar Today.

(Francis E. Luepp, in the Pilgrim for March.)

Reduce Horace Greeley's shock of white hair to orderliness and symmetry, shave his beard, dress him in a modern and repose, in always contemplative. It needs but a glance to mark him as the scholar and man of thought. You are not surprised when you are told that he has a genuine, though rarely expressed, sense of humor. He is a genuine, though rarely expressed, sense of humor. He is a genuine, though rarely expressed, sense of humor.

Required An Audience.

(St. Louis Star.)

Nate Salisbury and "Bill" Nye were great friends. When the humorist first engaged in newspaper work, and took a house on Staten island, the showman went to dinner with him. Nye exploded some new stories, and Salisbury, turning to his host's little girl, said: "Very clever papa you've got, my dear."

"Yes," responded the demure little miss, "when there's company."

Wrong Bird.

(Exchange.)

The irascible gentleman had ordered a chicken. But when he got it he wasn't satisfied—some people never are.

"Waiter!" he yelled, "bring a charge of dynamite and a hatchet and an extra middle steam power coke hammer. This chicken's got to be carved, even if it is made of Harveyized steel."

The waiter was desolate.

"Very sorry, sir," he said, "but that always was a peculiar bird. It even objected to being killed, though we always do everything with the greatest of kindness. But this bird, sir, actually flew away, and we had to shoot it, sir—yes, sir, it flew on to the top of a house, and—"

"Say no more," said the irascible customer. "I see it all now; you shot at it and brought down the watercock by mistake. John, my friend, all is forgiven."

Trolley Express and Freight.

(S. E. Moffett in March McClure's.)

There is no troublesome red tape about the trolley freight system. The Cleveland & Eastern railway, for instance, handles milk on its forty-mile line at a uniform rate of 2 cents per gallon for any distance. The farmer buys packages of tickets at that rate. When his milk is shipped it pays its fare like a passenger. A 20-cent ticket

is handed to the conductor for each ten-gallon can. The conductor punches the tickets, and passes them on to the office. The company returns the empty cans free.

WHY YOUNG WOMEN BLUSHED.

The Old German Thought They Must Be From His Country.

(Washington Star.)

"Riding down on the trailer of a Seventh street car one of the pleasant days of last week," said a young man who lives up Sixth street way, "there was an amusing incident which fairly set the passengers in an uproar. Seated behind two attractive young ladies was a good-natured, fatherly-looking German enjoying a nap. The young ladies were engaged in an animated conversation, and finally one inquired of the other:

"How many children have you?"

"Twenty-one," she replied, "and how many have you?"

"Oh, I only have eighteen," replied the first.

"At this point the German, now wide awake, with astonishment, leaned forward and without any formality inquired in an audible tone:

"Bleise, ma'am, vor bart of Chernany was you come from?" to which one of the young women blushing replied:

"Oh, we are kindergarten teachers."

There was a round of laughter, then painful silence. The young ladies got off at the next stop, evidently before reaching their destination, and the German again dozed off to dreamland."

Elkins at the Races.

(New York Press.)

When Senator Elkins was in college he liked the races. One day he and his chum slipped off together from school and on the way to the track came across their professor, who said, in surprise: "Young gentlemen, what does this mean? You should be at your lessons." Elkins said: "Sir, we wanted to go to lessons and also to the races, so we tossed for it, and it came down for the races." "Ah! Then you must have used a two-headed coin, or tried the gambler's plan of heads I win, tails you lose." "No, sir; it was a fair toss," was young Elkins' answer. "What did you throw up?" "We threw a lump of coal up. If it stopped up we went to school; if it came down we went to the races, and here we are, sir."

"TREE TEA" THE BEST OBTAINABLE IN THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD

PRIDE OF JAPAN

CHOICEST JAPANESE TEA IMPORTED BY M. J. BRANSON & CO. SAN FRANCISCO

Z. C. M. I.

Clothing and Men's Furnishing Department.

Temporary Quarters, 51 and 53 Main Street.

Our Complete Stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing has arrived and is now ready for your inspection at the above address. It comprises all the Latest Styles and Novelties for the

Spring and Summer Season.

We are Agents for the celebrated F. & F. Clothing, which is fitted to be the Best Made and Best Attending Men's Wear in the Market.

WE CAN GIVE YOU A FINE BUSINESS SUIT, fit and workmanship guaranteed, for.....

Our prices for F. & F. Men's Suits range from \$14.00 to \$35.00 and up. We have also cheaper suits if so desired.

Our Boys' Suits are Very Nobby at Popular Prices. We have all the Novelties for Children. Come and have a look at them and you will surely buy.

CRAVENETTE RAIN COATS, all shades \$10.00 to \$25.00

TOP COATS, all styles, very stylish \$10.00 to \$25.00

We are showing all the latest creations in Men's, Boys' and Children's Hats and Caps. Z. C. M. I. Special is the Best \$3.50 Hat in the City. We have John B. Stetson Hats in all Prevailing Styles.

Our Furnishing Goods Department is filled with new specialties in Shirts, Neckwear, Underwear, Hosiery, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Belts, Etc.

THE BEST GOODS

At Moderate Prices Is Our Motto.

T. G. Webber, Supt.

